Sunday School ADVOCATE

J.D. FELTER, ENG.

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Baby-Land.

How many miles to Baby-Land?
Any one can tell;
Up one flight,
To your right—
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby-Land?
Little folks in white,
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-Land?
Dream, and work, and play;
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they.

What do they sing in Baby-Land?
Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings.

Who is the queen of Baby-Land?
Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet.

—George Cooper.

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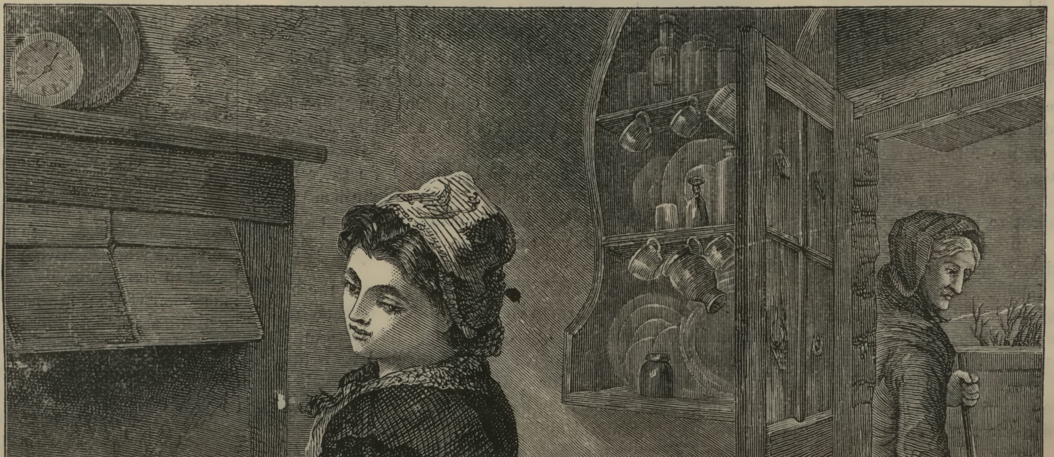
Marie and her Rabbit.

BY MARY L. SHERMAN.



THE last war between the French and Germans ended in September, 1871. In March following the Red Republicans rose against the government. Marshal MacMahon, at the head of government troops, soon conquered them, but not before the mob had burned most of the fine public and private buildings of Paris. Wealthy people fled, and it was thought that the city would never recover its former beauty, but in less than two years all the private and most of the public houses were rebuilt, in more than their former splendor.

Mr. De Voe, one of the wealthy men of Paris, unfortunately waited until he became certain that the mob were approaching his neighborhood; then, to conceal the flight of himself and family, he ordered his servant Jean to hire two street carriages. In the first he put Marie his daughter, Eugene his son, and Lucile the nurse. Jean was directed to drive six squares down the street, then turn to the left, and keep the straight road toward a distant railway station until Mr. De Voe's carriage should overtake him. Mr. De Voe, leaving his wife and the maid Annette in the second carriage, went to his library for some valuable papers he had forgotten. As he returned he saw the first carriage turn out of sight as he had directed. He was in the act of stepping into his own when a burly rebel grasped his arm, a second seized his horse by the bridle, a third dragged the driver from his seat.

"We want this vehicle," said the first, flinging Mr. De Voe violently to the pavement.

"Out!" cried the ruffian, stepping inside, thrusting out madame and the maid, and kicking the dog which was in the carriage; then, with the driver as a prisoner, the three rioters drove rapidly away.

"Thank God they are not after the children!" cried Mr. De Voe. Struggling to his feet, he glanced down the avenue. Only three blocks away the mob were coming into the street from the left.

"Thank God again, the rioters cannot have met Jean's carriage," he said to his wife. "They are coming toward us; we must run for our lives."

They ran into a cross street, darted into an alley, and, as soon as they dared, stopped in a deserted court.

"We are in a part of the city desolated by German guns," he said. "The mob will not come here. Look! they have already set fire to our house."

"O Alexander, our children!" said Mrs. De Voe, weeping.

"They are beyond the mob; I must care for you," he said. "There is an old soldier, Pierre Lefort, who has a shop near here. He was under my command. I can trust him to care for you while I go to look for our little ones."

Closely followed by their dog, Jock, the three soon found the shop of Pierre Lefort. He was at home, in the basement of a ruin that had been, before the siege, a splendid building. Some of the rooms had not been disturbed, even the furniture remained; here madame and her maid were soon established, and perfectly concealed. Mr. De Voe had with him a considerable sum of money, and it was easy for Pierre to buy food at a distant market; so for the time Mrs. De Voe and Annette were provided for. When this was done it was evening, and Mr. De Voe was about to go out to make what preparation he could to find his children, but the old soldier would not allow him to do so. He said:

"Your dress shows you to be a gentleman; that is an offense to the mob. I will go out in an artisan's dress, and carry a basket of tools. I will put into it some of the tools that a soldier uses."

So disguised, Pierre, followed by Jock, went directly to the neighborhood of Mr. De Voe's home. Its walls were yet standing; the streets were deserted, and he went into the ruined grounds. Jock barked, ran for-ward, and a low voice spoke his name. Pierre called, "Who goes there?"

"Jean, Monsieur De Voe's coachman," said a faint voice. "I am hurt."

"How came you so hurt?" asked Pierre.

"As soon as I found Monsieur De Voe was not following I suspected that some mischief had befallen him. I drove to the cottage of a peasant whom I well knew, told him we were on our way to a railway station to go to Havre; that my master was ready to follow, but as he had not come I feared an accident had befallen him. I asked him if he would allow the nurse and children to stop with him all night while I came back to my master's help. I gave him money, his wife came and made Lucile and the children welcome, and I returned. Near here the mob surrounded my carriage. I resisted; they threw me down, trampled me under their feet, and, taking the carriage, left me for dead. When I came to my senses I begged some stragglers to help me, and so I got in here about an hour ago."

Jean was so badly hurt that it was with difficulty that Pierre got him home. There he fainted, and next day was delirious with fever. Mr. De Voe could not learn the name of the peasant nor the locality of his cottage; besides, all the roads leading out of the city were guarded. No one was allowed to go out. It was ten days before Mr. De Voe stood before the door of the peasant with whom Jean had left Lucile and the children. They had gone, he did not know where; he thought she had found a company going to Havre.

Heart-sick, the father went back to Paris. He arranged that Jean and Annette should go back to his home, care for it while workmen put it in repair, and do what they could to find the children, while he and their mother went to search Havre.

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On the fourth day after their flight from Paris, Lucile saw a servant passing whom she had known. She went out and asked him if he knew any thing of her master. He told her that Mr. De Voe and his wife were murdered by the mob, and that the home was burned. She did not tell the children, but paid the peasant, and by daylight of the fifth day went away with Eugene and Marie. When they were tired walking she would hire a cart; and so, walking and riding in the most obscure roads, she came by that night to her mother's cottage. She soon told her sad story.

"We must take care of the children," said the old mother.

"We will work and pray," said Lucile.

There was a garden, a spinning-wheel, chickens, and a rabbit hutch. The last was Eugene's care; Marie learned to feed the chickens, and the two women worked the garden and spun. Lucile took what they could sell to market in the wagon of Lisette, their only neighbor, and so they lived several months.

"When the danger is over," she said to the children, "we will go back to the city."

A year passed, and a second, and a second winter came. The poultry and the rabbits were sold, all but Marie's pet, a white rabbit that Eugene had been allowed to give her. In memory of the dog that had been her playmate she named it Jock.

Lucile fell sick. Lisette said she would take the yarn, and Marie must take her rabbit, and sell it in the market. With many tears Marie placed Jock in his box, put the strap over her shoulder, and rode with Lisette to the city. Her pretty face attracted buyers to the market stand, but to each she said, "Do you want to buy a pet? My Jock must not be killed."

As only poor people came to Lisette's stand, Marie could not sell Jock to be kept alive as a pet. So she begged her friend to let her go into the broad street; at last, with many cautions and directions, the market woman consented.

Marie wandered on and on, offering her pet for sale, but no one seemed inclined to buy.

"Ah," said a servant whom she met, "what a silly child! You must go into the grounds of these splendid mansions, into a place like that," pointing to a servant's entrance.

In the rebuilding of the burned houses the whole street had been so much changed that Marie did not recognize it.

"It is late," she said to herself. "I will go in this one place." Then she timidly spoke to a woman who was sweeping snow away from the door.

"No, my girl, there is no one here to care for a pet; but you look cold. Go in and warm."

Marie went in. As she held her hands before the grate she heard a sniffing. She turned, and saw a shaggy white dog.

"You must not try to get my pet Jock," she said in alarm.

When the dog heard his name he leaped upon her, and Annette, for it was she, looking in, came to quiet him. "Down, Jock," she said.

"O, I had a dog Jock once," cried Marie. "It was when we lived in Rue Chapel, before the fire, with papa and mamma and Lucile."

"Tell me your name, child!" exclaimed Annette.

"It is Marie De Voe, but you must not tell, for they murdered my papa—"

"Now God be praised!" said Annette, calling Jean, who was passing the door. "See, the lost are found. She wears a peasant's dress, but it is our Marie. Get a carriage. We will go with her, but first send a telegram to Monsieur De Voe."

In three days the happy family were united and the peasant hut deserted, for Mr. De Voe brought the peasant mother to live always with her daughter and the children she had so kindly cared for.

There was a great dinner not many days after in the servants' hall. Mr. and Mrs. De Voe, Pierre Lefort, and the two children were at the head of the table.

"With all other blessings, we thank God for faithful servants," said Mr. De Voe. Then they had a merry time. Marie fed tid-bits to Jock the rabbit, and Eugene feasted Jock the dog.

Lesson Helps for Young Bereans.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

"*The Lord gave them rest.*" The Israelites did not get possession of Canaan without effort. They had to drive out the enemies of the Lord first. The Lord helped them, but they had their part to do. Now all the enemies were given into their hands and they had rest. The Lord gave them the rest, for he gave them the strength to conquer their enemies.

We, too, have enemies to conquer. Is pride your enemy? Or self-will, or indolence? Hear what was done for the Israelites: "The Lord delivered all their enemies into their hand." But you must fight your enemies, too. And you will not have rest until they are driven out.

The helpers. The Reubenites, the Gadites, and the half tribe of Manasseh were the kind helpers whom Joshua called. These men found homes on the other side of Jordan, as they did not care to go into Canaan. Moses let them stay in the land of Gilead, but he told them they must go over into Canaan with their brethren and help them to fight for Canaan. And they obeyed Moses. When the Israelites crossed the Jordan, forty thousand men of war went along to help them. If they had been selfish they would have said, "We will not go to help them. We have our wives and children and homes and cattle to look after. Let them look out for themselves." But they were unselfish enough to go cheerfully along with their brethren.

The reward of unselfishness. Joshua spoke kind words to these faithful helpers. He told them that they had obeyed Moses and had kept all his own commands to them. And then he tells them that they have also obeyed the Lord. See verse 3. They were obeying the Lord in obeying those whom the Lord had placed over them. Children sometimes forget that in obeying parents and teachers they are really obeying the Lord.

Do you think they were glad to be praised for their obedience? Yes; this was one reward. Joshua urged them to continue to walk in the Lord's commandments, because in this way only could they find safety. So he not only spoke kindly, but wisely, to them.

"*Return with much riches.*" The Israelites gave these good soldiers who had helped them so much a share of their riches. Silver and gold, iron and brass, cattle and raiment—all these were given to the men who had shown themselves willing to help in a time of need. They went to their homes glad and happy, not only because they had done their duty, but because their friends felt grateful for it.

Let us do all we can to help others, whether they thank us or not. But when we are helped let us be sure to show our gratitude by kind words and deeds. And let us always remember the great helper, Jesus, who loves to help the least of his children.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

"*He is a jealous God.*" Joshua was an old man now. He called the people to Shechem and spoke many kind, wise words to them. This was one of them. What does it mean?

God made us. He owns us. All that we have is his gift to us. He asks one thing of us: "Son, daughter, give me thy heart." This is all he asks. He does not ask a little of the heart. He asks *all.* Every thing that we have a right to love can be better loved if God comes first. And he knows this, and is not willing to take less than the whole love of the heart. When he sees a child of his loving something better than himself "he is a jealous God," for he knows such love will bring bitterness to the heart. He is jealous because he loves us and wants our best good.

"*Serve strange gods.*" A "strange god" is any thing that we put in place of the true God. In that land and age there was danger that the people would worship the little images which the heathen worshiped. In our time there is danger that we may worship pleasure, fine dress, good looks, our own way—any thing that is not God.

It is just as true now as ever that if we serve strange gods the great God will have to punish us. "Turn and do you hurt, and consume you," Joshua said. It is not safe to forsake God!

"*We will serve the Lord.*" How quick the people were to promise! They wanted God to be their friend, but Joshua knew that they would be very likely to forget their promise. He wanted to do something to make them remember it. We should be careful not to make even good promises carelessly. God hears us, and he knows if we break our word.

"*Ye are witnesses against yourselves.*" One day our words will come up to witness against us if we have not kept our promises. Have you promised to obey and serve the true God? Then your words are your witnesses! Think about it!

"*Joshua wrote these words.*" Joshua made a covenant with the people. A covenant is an agreement. Joshua promised them that if they would keep the word of the Lord he would be with them and keep them. All this he wrote in the book of the law of God.

Can it be that our promises to God are written in this book?

"*This stone shall be a witness.*" Joshua set up a stone and called it a witness. He hoped that when the people saw this it would remind them of the solemn promise they had made.

If we have promised at the altar of the Church to serve God we may be reminded of our promise every time we look at the Church. Let us remember our vows to God!

LITTLE STUDENTS' CORNER.

PLEASANT HOURS WITH GREAT AUTHORS.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of the celebrated Beecher family, was one of the foremost ministers of his time, and was for many years president of a theological school near Cincinnati. He had thirteen children, all of whom any father might have justly been proud of, for of the eleven who lived to middle age most of the sons were clergymen, and the daughters either teachers or writers, or both.

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June, 1812. Her mother died when she was only about four years of age; and the oldest daughter, a young girl of sixteen, kept house for her father. After about two years Mr. Beecher married again, and then, when this wife died, he brought home still another mother to take care of the little ones and look after things.

There was little danger of the children getting lonesome in such a large family. It was just about like having company all the time. Many were the games and plays they tried together, and when there was any thing for them to do, many hands made light work of it, and it was soon out of the way. Harriet's uncle, her mother's brother, who was a sailor, made his home with them when in that part of the country, and many were the wonderful tales he told the children of the strange lands he had seen, and of the queer people living in them; and many were the rare shells and curious things he brought as presents from abroad. Besides, there was nearly always company in the house, for it was such a pleasant place to go that any body who had visited the Beecher family once was pretty sure to want to go again.

So the days of Harriet's life went by, filled with study and play, with now and then a little work crowded in, filled with pleasant hours and sad ones, with laughter and tears, very much like the days in the lives of most little girls.

Mr. Beecher was a poor man, and it took a deal of money to buy food for so many mouths, and to keep so many feet in shoes, besides the other things that must be had; so as soon as the children were big enough they had to leave home to do something for themselves. When Harriet was only fifteen she went to Hartford to teach in a young ladies' seminary, of which her sister Catharine was principal. It would almost seem like playing school and having one of the girls for a teacher, but she had her sister to go to, and find out what to do and how to do it; so she got along all right.

When about twenty-four she was married to Professor Calvin Stowe, and thus gained the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe, a name that is known almost all over the world.

Like most other novelists, Mrs. Stowe began by writing short stories, which were published in different papers, and made up into books for Sunday-school libraries. People liked these quite well; still, there were many writers whose books were more read and who were much more talked about than was Harriet Beecher Stowe, until "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared! This first came out in the *National Era*, a weekly journal printed in Washington. Every one liked it at once, and a Boston man wanted to put it in book-form. But it was quite long—long enough for two volumes—and the publisher wished to have it made shorter, for he was sure the people would get tired of so much of it; but Mrs. Stowe said that "the book made itself, and she could not stop it till it was done." However, it was published in 1852, the whole two volumes of it. Every body was in a hurry to read it—in such a hurry that eight presses running day and night could scarcely get the books ready as fast as they were called for. It was so in other countries as well. It has been translated into more different languages than any other American book ever printed; and even now, almost forty years after it was written, the author is said to receive fifteen hundred dollars a year from those who have a right to print and sell the book.

You all know the story of poor "Uncle Tom," the old slave who was sold down South, and finally died from a beating received because he was too good to do what his wicked master wanted him to; and of little Eva, the girl whom every body loved.

Most of the things put in this book really happened, and they are so sad that Mrs. Stowe is said to have shed many a tear while writing it. She must have begun to write almost at the end, for the death of Uncle Tom is the first thing she put down. After writing it she read it to her two little boys, ten and twelve years old, and they both began to cry as hard as they could cry.

The next year Mrs. Stowe took a trip to Europe, where she was made much of, for every body was anxious to see the woman who was talked about by so many people. Her brother Charles must have been with her, for they wrote a book together, called *Sunny Memories in Foreign Lands*, telling what they thought of the people and countries that they had visited.

Mrs. Stowe has kept on writing books, but although her later ones are very carefully written there are none of them so popular as her first one. Some of these tell about the queerest people, who do and say such funny things that nobody can read them without laughing heartily; while others are almost as sad as the story of Uncle Tom. She kept up her short stories, too, nearly every periodical thinking it an honor to have something from her pen, and for two years she was one of the editors of the *Hearth and Home*.

Mrs. Stowe lives in Hartford, but when the cold weather comes on she goes to Florida, to spend the winter and spring among the orange-groves on her own plantation.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE.
NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

J. L. HURLBUT, Editor.
MARTHA VAN MARTER, Assistant Editor.

The Mosquito.

Is there any thing good to be said of the mosquito? A great many bad things have been said, and the people who are best acquainted with the insect have the least to say in its favor.

A gentleman has risen up lately to tell us that we ought to be patient with the singing, stinging little pest. Can you think of any good reason why?

He says that the mosquito lives only twenty-nine or thirty days.

"Dear me!" you say, "that is altogether too long!" But wait a minute.

Three of these days are spent in the egg-form, twenty one in the larval form, two days are given to the chrysalis, and so there are really only three or four days left in which the insect can sing and bite.

"Quite enough," you say; but listen.

During the three weeks of larval life, the creature lives in the foulest stagnant water. It has a good appetite, and it feeds on decayed matter, thus doing all it can to purify the filthy water near our homes. How much disease the mosquito prevents by this means we shall never know. But when we reflect that it spends twenty-one days of its short life in really useful labor, perhaps we may be less impatient to grant it three or four days of winged life.

To the Children.

As sunbeams that shine
In the sweet morning hours,
And coax into blooming
The half-opened flowers—
That bring with their brightness
To many sad places
The spirit of hope—
Are the smiles on your faces.

As a bird-song that floats
Through the soft summer air,
While we listen enchanted,
Forgetful of care,
As the carols at dawn,
When all nature rejoices,
Are the accents of love
In your gentle young voices.

—*Anna M. Pratt.*

What Push Can Accomplish.

THE first experience of a millionaire merchant at Philadelphia on his arrival in this country aptly illustrates what push can accomplish. When he stepped ashore from the sailing vessel, he said, "I was without money or friends. I spoke to a man on the wharf, and asked him what to do. He replied:

"'Work, young man. Have you any motto?'

"'No,' I said. 'What do you mean?'

"He said:

"'Every man must have a motto. Now, think of one. Go out and hunt for work.'

"I started, thinking of a motto. As I walked along the street I saw painted on a door the word 'push.' I said, 'That shall be my motto.' I did push at that door, and entered an office. I was asked what I wanted. I said, 'Work; and the word on your door gave me not only a motto, but confidence, and I ventured to ask you for work.'

"My manner pleased the man. He asked me many questions, all of which were answered promptly. He said at last:

"'I want a boy of 'push,' and as you have adopted that for your motto I will try you.'

"He did. My success followed, and the motto that made my fortune will make that of others."

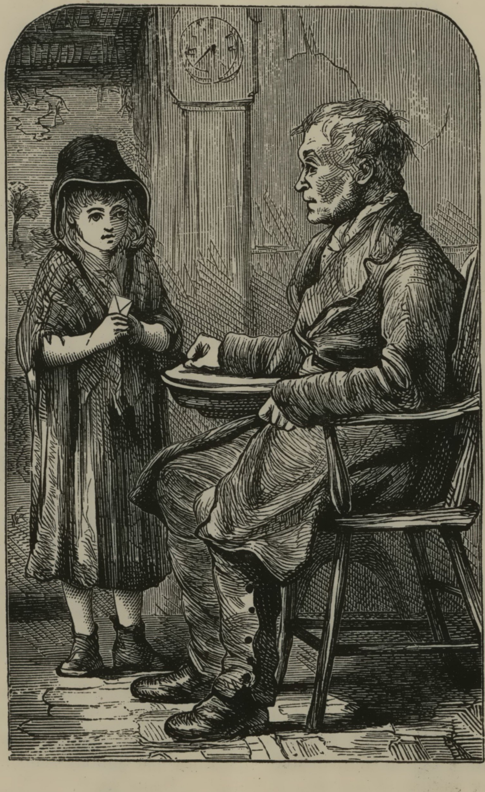
The word is old, short, and crisp, but it expresses every thing, and has carved out fortune and fame for hundreds of thousands of poor and obscure boys.—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

"Always Put God First."

IN her dying days, Jenny Lind gave utterance to an expression which may well be the motive power of the life of any child of God. It was her intense conviction that her art was a gift of God, to be dedicated to his service. This belief was continually on her lips. "I have always put God first," she said, during her last days. It was this which kindled her enthusiasm for Mlle. Janotha, in whom she found a kindred mind—Janotha, who said to her, "What is this world of which the people speak? I do not know what the world is. I only play for Jesus Christ."

She went to look on the face of a dead friend, and I must tell you her own words:

"It was not her own look that was in her face. It was the look of another, the face of another, that had passed into hers. It was the shadow of Christ that had come upon her. She had seen Christ. I put down my candle and said, 'Let me see this thing. Let me stop here always. Let me sit and look. Where are my children? Let them come and see. Here is a woman who has seen Christ.'"



What Uncle John Said.

UNCLE JOHN was an old gentleman who lived with his niece. He had been in poor health for many years. It was not often that he could walk out in the village streets. But he had a great many friends, for he had a kind heart, and was always cheerful and patient.

One day little Nell Joy's papa sent her to carry a note to Uncle John. She was a shy little girl, but when she saw the pale, kind face of the good man, her heart went out in pity for him. She did her errand very prettily, and then she said, "Please, sir, have you got any little girl?"

"No, my dear child," said Uncle John. "There is not one little girl in all this big house."

Nellie looked so sorry, and then she said softly, "I guess mamma 'll let me 'dopt you for my Uncle John, 'cause you see I haven't got any uncle, and you haven't got any little girl; and then I can run errands for you, and sing to you, and make it pleasant for you."

How the sun did shine out of Uncle John's dear face! He just shut his eyes for a minute and said softly, as if he was praying, "Are they not all ministering spirits?"

And then he said to Nellie, "Thank you, dear little girl, very much. I should dearly love to be 'dopted."

And Nellie wondered all the way home what he meant when he talked to himself.

A Visit to the Hospital.

BY J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

PAULINE had long been wishing to pay a visit to the city hospital, and so when her mother called to her to get ready to go with her the child exclaimed, with enthusiasm:

"O, that's splendid!" Then a softer, gentler look stole into her eyes, and with a subdued step she went to put on her things. "Poor little sick children! How I do wish I could do something for them," she said; then wondered what she should take to them. Books and toys she knew they had, and her mother was to take a basket of delicacies; and though Pauline was to accompany her mother, she wisely reasoned that it was not like doing something her very own self for the little suffering ones.

Just then Pauline's eye rested upon some beautiful flowering plants in her window, the first she had ever tenderly watched over and cared for herself. And now her geranium and rose-bush were in full bloom. Could she pluck them? And yet, would it not be selfish to keep them all to herself? the heart questioned. But finally there came the response, "Give them."

"Mamma, do you think a few of my flowers will give pleasure to those poor little sick children?"

"Most assuredly they will, darling, if you can spare your treasures. I'll help you put them up so they will not wilt in carrying."

Pauline at once carefully cut off a few of her choice rosebuds, geraniums, and green leaves, while Mrs. Eaton made a cornucopia of soft tissue paper. The little bouquet, to which her mother had added a carnation, and some fragrant heliotrope, was then dropped into it and lightly covered over, and in this way easily carried to the hospital.

Though wishing to go and see the little ones, of whom she had heard so much, Pauline shrank from contact with the crippled, suffering creatures she imagined must be lying upon the little cot beds. What, then, was her surprise on entering a long, bright, sunny room, or ward, as it is called, to see such sweet, patient-looking faces turned toward her. On either side of the ward stood rows of little narrow beds covered with white spreads, and between them little stands upon which were placed books and toys. Over them hung pretty pictures, or comforting texts of Scripture beautifully illuminated. At the upper end of the room were a few convalescent children quietly playing together. One in a little low wheel-chair, the center of attraction, apparently telling a story to those clustered about her.

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed Pauline, quite taken by surprise, "how bright it looks here! And, do you see, there is a little girl with her arm in splints actually smiling at me. And how sweet that pale-faced child, with her foot fastened by weights, looks."

"Yes, dear, by the grace of God they are all patient and cheerful, and the room looks bright and sunny, made so by the kind, motherly nurses. Shall we go up and speak to some of the dear little children?"

Pauline assented, at the same time uncovering her flowers. Such an exclamation of delight, some rising up in bed to get a peep at them. "O, the beautiful, beautiful flowers! Please let me look at them?"

"And would you let me smell them?" said another little voice. "I can't see the pretty flowers any longer, but do let me smell them."

"How did you lose your sight?" asked Pauline, holding the flowers so the child could inhale their fragrance.

"Baby's clothes caught on fire, and in my hurry to put them out I scorched my hands and face and lost my eyesight."

"Yes, Maggie was a brave little girl," added the nurse, "and now she is trying to be good and patient until her burns heal and she gets quite strong; then baby will have to watch and keep her out of the fire."

"Won't I be helpless, though!" said Maggie, with a half smile and half sigh.

"But Maggie is learning who to lean upon and trust in, so she need have no fear," added the pleasant, sisterly nurse.

"That's so! As one of Christ's little lambs he will watch over me and keep my feet from stumbling."

"Yes, dear, both ways--stumbling over rough places and into sin—if you daily ask for his guidance."

Thus the kind nurse took Pauline from one cot to another, giving cheery, comforting words to each little sufferer as they admired the lovely flowers. When they had gone the rounds of the ward, Pauline said: "Now, to whom shall I give them?"

"O, give them to Jennie, for she is in such sharp pain all the time," unselfishly said one who apparently was also a great sufferer. "They are so bright perhaps she'll forget some of her pain looking at them."

"But please give Maggie a rose to smell, for she can't see," added another.

Pauline, in response to these unselfish words, divided her little bouquet into three or four small ones, when they were placed in vases here and there where all might see them, and Maggie's so she could catch its sweet scent. Then, with her mother, she turned away, well pleased with her visit to the children's hospital ward.

"Not one," as Pauline afterward said to her school-mates, "had begged for herself. And really, girls, it made me feel ashamed to think how often we almost quarrel over some favorite book, or seat, or to have our own way when at play, while those poor little suffering creatures were so ready to yield to one another."

Pauline had indeed learned a lesson that, ever after, in remembrance of her visit to the hospital, she endeavored to put into practice. Like seed sown upon good ground, it brought forth fruit to rejoice the hearts of all who knew her.

"Like You Do When You Laugh."

A BABY of three years once preached me a sermon, and I pass it on for the benefit of other downcast and despondent ones who need to learn to "rejoice evermore."

"How is the baby?" I asked drearily, standing at the foot of the staircase leading up to a chamber where the little one lay ill. I was tired and unhopeful; my mood came out in my tone.

"'Peak like you do when you laugh," called the weak little voice up-stairs; and if I ever felt rebuked by an angel, that was the moment.

It has come up to me a hundred times since; I hope I am the brighter and cheerier for it. "Speak like you do when you laugh." That means sparkle and gladness and good-will. Those fretful lines at the mouth-corners don't come from laughing. The weary ones around the eyes have another origin. But the plainest outward sign of despondency is that in the tone. The sick feel it; that is why "visitors are forbidden." Little children are infallible weather-prophets; they will not "take to" you. And you and I—just common working men and women, neither sick nor young nor old, but busy and often tired—we love—yes, that is the word—we love the bright, loving, laughing, happy voice. "Speak like you do when you laugh."—*Sel.*

THE BAY WINDOW

[Answers to questions in the BAY WINDOW, and all letters designed for it, may be addressed to MISS MARTHA VAN MARTER, 805 Broadway, New York.]

THE chilly autumn days are here in earnest. Now there is more of in-door life, though we do not mean to shut ourselves up in the house, by any means. Boys and girls who hope to live a long and useful life in this bright world must get a good foundation of health and strength to start with. And in order to get this they need a great deal of fresh, pure air, and active exercise.

It is a sorry thing to see a pale-faced, delicate child! "Get into the fresh, sweet air, even if it is a little cold, and let the sunshine and pure breezes see what they can do for you, little pale-face," we always feel like saying. Drs. Fresh-air and Good Cheer are famous old doctors! Try them if you are sick, and if you are well keep on good terms with them, so as to keep well.

Letters? O, yes; here is a very interesting one.

"PHILA., PA.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I gave my heart to Jesus not long ago, when my teacher was very sick. Some of us went to see her, and we sang hymns and prayed to Jesus to make her well. Then Miss Flora talked to us about loving Jesus. I felt so dreadful about my sins that I knelt down by the bed again and prayed Jesus to save me, and he did take my sins away and made me his little child, and I am trying to do right every day. One of the other girls was converted, too, and I hope all our class will be saved. Your little friend, LIZZIE ASHTON."

How happy that teacher must have felt, even though she was so ill! And then, think how glad the dear Saviour felt. "There is joy in heaven," you know, when one sinner repents.

"CHICAGO, ILL.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am a boy nine years old. I like to read books. I have *Ivanhoe*, *Animate Creation*, *Our Youth*, *China and Japan*, and many other books. Please tell me some other good books. Respectfully,

"REGINALD BLAND."

We know a boy, nine years old, who thinks the *Fairy Land of Science*, and *At the Back of the North Wind*, by George MacDonald, both delightful books.

Mabel Sell, Lulu Hively, and Mabel Evans all write from Sturgis, Mich. Lulu Hively says she has a pet squirrel. Do you know "squirrel" means "one who carries his shade with him?"

"WESTMORELAND, KAN.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am a girl eleven years old. I take the *Youth's Companion*, and like it very much. I like to read books. I have read *What Katie Did*, *Jennie Brown*, *Jessie Wells*, *Flyaway*, *The Flower of the Family*, and others.

"Good-bye, ORA MCKEER."

Do not get so much in love with story-books that books which give useful information will seem dull to you!

"FISHKILL, N. Y.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am seven years old. My papa was a missionary in India more than eight years. We came from India four years ago. DORA W. DAVIS."

Dora is sure to have a "missionary spirit;" don't you think so?

"ALTOONA, IOWA.

"*Dear Bay Window:* We are a boy and girl, six and seven years old, that have played together all our lives. We have a big dog we call Bruno. We have a bird, but we have not named it yet. Would the Bay Window please send us a name for it?

"Your friends, JOIE AND TOMMIE."

Do not name the bird "Yeller" like a little girl we read of—on account of his color, you know. "Ruby" is a pretty name. Also "Jewel," or "Bijou," the French for Jewel. "Petite," little, or "Jolie," pretty, are also French names.

"ROANOKE, ILL.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am eleven years old. I am a member of a missionary society. We make things and sell them, and we keep mite-boxes to put our money in. By and by we will open them and send the money to the missionaries to buy Bibles for the heathen. Yours affectionately,

"ALMA STODDARD."

"HADDAM, KAN.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am twelve years old. I have a pony named Nellie, and I have a nice time riding her mornings before the sun is up. She is real gentle, but she ran away with me once. I am not afraid, though, for I ask God to take care of me.

"MINNIE VEDDER."

"LYONS, KAN.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I have a little sister Bessie, two years old. She says, 'God is love.' I have a grandma, a grandpa, a great-grandma, and a great-grandpa. When I go down there I love to wait on all of them. All of us are Christians.

"Yours truly, PEARL DAY."

"HILLSBORO, ILL.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am ten years old, and belong to a Mission Band. We are trying to increase a nickel by working. Will you suggest a way for me to increase mine?

"Yours truly, JENNIE RUTLEDGE."

Get five cents worth of cretonne and make holders, which you can sell to your friends at five cents each. Then buy more cretonne and make more holders, until you get money enough to buy material for some of the pretty things described in "Work and Play" corner of the ADVOCATE not long ago—the Towel-Holder, Scent Bags, etc. Only begin in real earnest, and see how fast your nickel will grow! One little girl, who only had a cent to invest, spent it for darning cotton, and darned stockings at one cent a hole. When she had darned eleven holes, she bought more cotton, and darned one hundred and fifteen holes!

"SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am a boy thirteen years old. I have a little dog named Dick, and a bird named Robbie. I go to Sunday-school and love it very much. We all love our superintendent, Mr. Taylor. Yours truly, NOKIE HUGHES."

"PAWHUSKA, OSAGE AGENCY.

"*Dear Bay Window.* I am a boy eleven years old. I live in the Indian Territory, and can speak some Indian words. If some boy who does not live among the Indians would like to write to me, I will tell him about the Indians. I belong to the Band of Hope and the Methodist Church.

"SAMUEL S. PRIMM."

"BLUE HILL, NEB.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am a little Nebraska boy, ten years old. I go to Methodist and to Presbyterian Sunday-school. Besides, I go to German Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school. I think German is real easy to learn. Yours truly,

"HENRY A. JONES."

"STUART, IOWA.

"*Dear Bay Window:* The girls and boys of our Church have missionary meeting every other Saturday. The name of our society is 'Light-Bearers.' We have twenty members. Each one has a box in which to keep pennies, and at the end of the year the boxes are opened and the money is sent away. Our society is dressing dolls and making scrap-books and other things. Yours truly, LETTIA MILES."

How the little people do work, and how pleased the Lord of the harvest is to see the boys and girls busy in his vineyard!

PUZZLE BOX.

[*Contributed by Lou Arnold.*]

DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A tree. 3. A ray. 4. To injure. 5. A consonant.

PRINTER'S PI.

Nsi si het sssgrraconitn fo eth wla.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In river, not in lake;
In rain, not in snow;
In live, and in love;
In spray, not in foam;
In ear, not in eye;
In rye, not in wheat;
In coach, and in carriage;
In inn, not in hotel;
In lost, not in found;
In ore, not in metal;
My whole is a sea-port in South America.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-seven letters. My 8, 5, 18, 13, 23, 9, is used by Catholics. My 4, 26, 19, 1, 16, 22, 14, is a wild animal. My 24, 3, 6, 27, is an act. My 7, 2, 17, 25, 11, is a robber. My 21, 10, 15, 12, is to cast a ballot. My 20, is a vowel. My whole is an extract from John Keats's *Endymion*.

HIDDEN FRUITS.

1. Naaaabs. 2. Gomprnteeaas. 9. Omlsen. 4. Rcrisehc.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN ADVOCATE OF SEPT. 8.

Beheadings: 1. S-Tint. 2. L-Oaf. 3. W-Asp. 4. S-Car. Cross-Word Enigma: Baby. Hidden Names: 1. Emma. 2. Edith. 3. Louise. 4. Delia. 5. Ethel. 6. Nora. Letter Puzzle: Field and Morse. Square Word: 1. Item. 2. Tame. 3. Emma. 4. Meat.

THEN I saw in my dream that it is much easier going out of our way when we are in it than getting into it when we are out of it.—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

Work and Play.

A SEWING COMPANION.

To make this, buy first three yards of ribbon an inch and a half wide and a spool of silk to match. The very prettiest ribbon to have is the kind that is velvet on one side and satin on the other. From the three yards cut four strips: one twenty-four inches long, one twenty-one inches long, one nineteen inches long, one seventeen inches long. Point one end of each strip by turning back the corners until they meet, and sewing them together. Cut from the remaining piece of ribbon a strip of three inches, and make a tiny pin-cushion by doubling it over an inch and a half square of thick cardboard and sewing the sides of the ribbon neatly together. Next make a needle-book of two pieces of cardboard the size of the pin-cushion. Cover them in the same way, over-hand the two pieces together when covered so that they open like a book, and fasten between them four pieces of white or delicately colored flannel not quite an inch and a half square and scalloped around the edges. The other articles required are a pair of scissors and an emery. The scissors must be rather small (but not too small), and as good a quality as the purse can afford. The emery may be an old one smoothly covered with some of the ribbon, or a new one in its dress of red. When these things are all ready join the scissors to the point of the twenty-four-inch strip by a loop of very narrow ribbon to match; sew the pin-cushion by one of its points to the point of the twenty-one-inch strip; fasten the loop of the emery to the point of the nineteen-inch strip, and tack the needle-book by a tiny loop in the center of it to the point of the seventeen-inch strip. Take the ends of the ribbons in the hand, and place the twenty-one-inch strip over the twenty-four-inch strip, the nineteen-inch strip over the twenty-one-inch strip, and the seventeen-inch strip over the nineteen-inch strip, and sew them strongly together at the very top, where they must be even. Hide the stitches by a pretty bow made of the remaining half yard of ribbon, sew a large new safety-pin firmly to the back of the bow, and the "Companion" is finished. This dainty and useful gift is worn at the side of the dress, and the pin is to fasten it to the belt or waist of the wearer. L. L.

Curious Facts About Flowers.

WITHIN the Antarctic circles there has never a flowering plant been found. In the Arctic regions there are seven hundred and sixty-two kinds of flowers: fifty of these are confined to the Arctic region. They are really polar flowers.

The colors of these polar flowers are not as bright and varied as our own, most of them being white or yellow, as if borrowing these hardy hues from their snowy bergs and golden stars.—*Youth's Instructor.*

Swearing Reproved.

A GOOD old man was once in company with a gentleman who occasionally introduced into conversation the words "devil," "deuce," etc., and who at last took the name of God in vain. "Stop, sir," said the old man, "I said nothing while you only used freedom with the name of your own master, but I insist upon it that you shall use no freedom with the name of mine."

"Be kind to all you chance to meet,
In field, or lane, or crowded street;
Anger and pride are both unwise—
Vinegar never catches flies."

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